

Mr. Barnes, American

By
Archibald Clavering Gunter
A Sequel to
Mr. Barnes of New York

Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York,"
"Mr. Potter of Texas,"
"That Frenchman," Etc.

Copyright, 1907, Dodd Mead & Co., N. Y.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolla, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves, Enid Anstruther, sister of the English lieutenant. The four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey.

CHAPTER II.—Barnes gets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is marked by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to beat the vendetta at their own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the women Barnes arranges to have Lady Chartris lease a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken in a yacht.

CHAPTER III.—Suspicion is created that Marina is in league with the Corsicans. A man, believed to be Corregio Danella, is seen passing the house and Marina is thought to have given him a sign. She refuses to explain to Barnes which fact adds to his latent suspicions.

CHAPTER IV.—Barnes plans for the safety of the party are learned by the Corsicans. The carriage carrying the party to the local landing is followed by two men, are supposed to be Corregio, and they try to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman—is suspected.

CHAPTER V.—The yacht is followed by a small boat. The cook is detected giving signals to the boat. Barnes attempts to throw him overboard, but is prevented by Marina and Enid.

CHAPTER VI.—The cook is found to be innocent of the supposed plot and is forgiven. The party arrive at Nice and find Lady Chartris and her daughter Maud domiciled in the villa rented with Barnes' money. Barnes is amazed to find that Count Corregio is at Nice and is acting the role of admirer to Lady Chartris.

"The deck of this vessel has become," Edwin muttered gloomily to Barnes, "nigh unto hell. Can't you see," he whispers despairingly, "that every day Marina grows more anxious and more nervous? My God, it is for me."

This remark is made to the American as the two men sit smoking between the main and the foremast late the next evening.

"Did you notice," adds Anstruther, with a sigh, "she had no appetite?"

"You mean your sister?" says the American.

"Certainly not; Marina! My wife didn't eat a mouthful."

"Neither did Miss Anstruther!"

"Nonsense! Enid was enthusiastic over our parlez-vous cook's culinary triumphs."

"Yes, with her lips, but not with her teeth," mutters Burton, grimly.

"Womanlike, she cried out about flet mignon and omelette soufflé and affected to eat—but—"

"But stored away no cargo," suggests Anstruther. "So much the better for you, old man; when a girl gets off her food she's hard hit in some other part of her anatomy than her stomach. My sister's a good sailor, so it isn't sea sickness affects her."

"Sea sickness!" jeers Barnes, savagely. "Can't you see that every hour Enid grows more cold and more haughty to me, punishing me because I didn't wed her that day in Marseilles, when even Emory, the cold-blooded Yankee detective, shuddered and said it would be a crime for me to marry with this devilish threat I carry in my pocket against any woman who is unfortunate enough to become my wife."

"It concerns my sister; supposing you show it to me!" suggests Edwin.

"Supposing you show it to me!" comes to them in a clear voice from the neighboring cutter.

"My God, you overheard?" Barnes faces his beautiful fiancée as she steps from the large boat that, after the merchant fashion, has now been stowed on the deck amidship.

"Certainly! Hoping I had done your love an injustice, I have been trying to overhear some such revelation as this for the last few days." The girl's eyes are beaming now, tender with love and hope.

Then she breaks forth almost passionately, "You owe this to my love for you. Since you seemed reluctant to wear me as your bride, to accept my wifely devotion, my pride has suffered so much that you, Burton, cannot deny me the sight of that letter so that I may again trust the agency of your desire to make me yours."

"Best give it to her," remarks her sailor brother, grimly.

"You advise it, then?"

"Yes, she will never rest without it now, if I know Enid of old."

Barnes silently places the accursed threat against the woman whom he dares to marry and her offspring in the hand of his betrothed.

She carries it to the binnacle light and reads it carefully twice over. Then she returns to them, her eyes brilliant with determined devotion, yet swimming with tenderest love. "You

let such a chimera as this little piece of paper, the ravings of some maniac on revenge, stand between you and my love."

"No, no; this threat—you have had proof enough—is a menace all our lives. I desire to put its author where he can do no harm to you before I wed you."

"Before? After you wed me!" cries his fiancée, in exalted mood. "Let us together face and annihilate this fiend."

"But remember this is an undying feud. Think what my self-reproach would be if I let your love for me bring miserable death to you, my adored," whispers Barnes.

"My death couldn't happen, sweet-heart, unless you died also, Burton," she says simply.

"I demand of this gentleman," she continued, "who says he loves me, that he weds me the moment we go on shore at Nice even if it brings me into the unhappy feud proclaimed against him. No, no; don't refuse me, Burton," she whispers, determinedly, "'tis the last chance. You wed me then or never wed me! If you cannot trust me with your woes, I'll not take part of your joys."

More enamored than ever with the charming girl who will risk death to be his bride, Barnes silently extends his arms, and she falling into them, the yacht's deck becomes a heaven to these lovers.

The next day the sun again rises bright over the Mediterranean. The felucca is never sighted. Monsieur Leboeuf serves meals fit for a fairy princess in the salon, and Enid and Barnes have such appetites the cook is delighted.

A few days later the Seagull, under the name of the Wildfowl, drops her anchor in the little bay at Villefranche, coming in, not like a sprightly yacht, but like a slow, lumbering, carelessly sailed and inadequately handled merchant craft.

To avoid the curiosity of passing boats, Edwin has anchored near the Beaulieu side of the bay. Upon this Barnes now directs his glass. Looking it over, the American thinks it will be much more probably the location of Lady Chartris, as it has a number of pretty villas, nestled among olive, almond and orange trees, a good many of them having water frontage and several being possessed of boat landings, as he suggested. But on none of them floats the flag of France, which he had asked Lady Chartris to use as a signal to locate her villa. He is almost putting his glass aside preparatory to a journey on shore to determine the location of Lady Chartris when he suddenly exclaims: "Hang that Maud!"

"Maud!" cries Edwin, who has been busy in making the vessel shipshape. "Is she above the horizon?"

"Very much," laughs Barnes. "Notice that overgrown girl romping with the big dog and waving the French flag at him. That flag, I imagine, was to have been our signal." Then he inspects the villa carefully and is pleased to see that a good solid brick wall of sufficient height to exclude any but very energetic intruders surrounds its pretty garden. Only on the water side are its lawns open to view, and this portion of the quiet bay appears at present devoid of boats.

A light flight of stone steps that enter the water and a tasty little floating wooden landing stage indicate the former owner of the villa had been aquatic.

"That's just the place to put the ladies on shore as soon as it's dark," remarks Edwin, for the two young men had concluded it would be best to make their entry into Villefranche very quietly.

"Very well, order the cutter away," says Barnes, "and I'll get ashore and see that everything's all right."

In a few minutes the American is at the little landing stage. As he runs up the stone steps, Maud's bright eyes light upon him. The girl stops her romping with the big dog, and crying: "Glory, glory, Mr. Barnes of New York. I thought you were in London!" flies down to him with additional exclamations of surprise and delight.

"Where is your mother, Maud?" remarks Burton, pleasantly, as the girl snuggles one of her rather soiled hands into his.

"She's in the house, there. She's so blessed easy, I think I'm going to have a step-papa," answers Miss Chartris, gaily.

"Ah, Von Bulow," remarks Barnes, sentimentally.

"Perhaps. But mamma has other admirers now," returns Maud.

This news is not at all satisfactory to Mr. Barnes. The more followers Lady Chartris has lounging about, the less will be the retirement of the villa.

"Very well, run off and play, Maud; I'll see you a little later," he remarks, glumly.

They are entering the ample portico of the house.

Lady Chartris at her door receives generous Mr. Barnes effusively. "The villa is perfectly delightful, thank you, dear Burton," she observes pleasantly. "I selected it as you wished—just near enough to be in touch with the gaiety of Nice and far enough away for the honeymoon retirement of Edwin and his bride."

Leading him into a delightful drawing-room, she adds: "You must see what a charming home I have for all of us. Marina and Enid are on the yacht, I suppose?"

"Yes, the ladies will be here this evening, my dear Lady Chartris," assents Barnes. Then he asks, desirous to know if the privacy of the villa has been preserved: "You have driven into Nice once or twice since you arrived?"

"Yes, I've only been here five days, and have been literally overwhelmed with attentions," Prunella remarks, rather grandly. "My horses"—Barnes had paid for them—"take me into Nice

in 25 minutes over that beautiful forest road."

"Ah, and Von Bulow?" he suggests, roguishly.

"Oh, Baron von Bulow was in ecstasy at my presence. Franz gave me a lunch at the Casino."

"Oh, it has got so far as 'Franz,'" laughs Burton. "And your other admirers?" his tone is insinuating. "You cannot persuade me you hadn't more than one, Lady Chartris."

"Oh, several, but I—I don't like to speak about them." The widow's face becomes rosy.

A good deal of this has been said as Prunella has been showing Mr. Barnes about the pretty house, and he has inspected the rooms set apart for Edwin and his bride and Miss Anstruther.

Then, despite his hostess' suggestion, for Lady Chartris has a lovely chamber overlooking the water for him who is really the master of the villa, Burton selects for his own use a much inferior bedroom, but one that gives him a commanding view of all the country lanes that lead to the grounds.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAN AND THE BETTING GAME.

He Who "Plays a System" at the Race Track Certain to Quit Loser.

Here is an interesting letter:

"I play the nags once in awhile. I think I have a pretty fair system and was just thinking of trying it when I ran across an article which caused me to hesitate. If a man sticks to his system, has control of himself and is not a hog, but satisfied with a modest wager, is there no chance of success? Do you think it impossible to win by a system? Is there any reason why a man cannot keep decent and still play the game?"

Ever since Diomed won the first derby in England system after system has been devised for "beating the races." No system—not a single one—has ever succeeded in the long run. It has been figured out that there are 27 chances to one against you always in a field of ten horses. The best system ever known is at the mercy of the betting ring. There are not bookmakers enough in the United States to lay against a system. Several years ago a man started with a five-dollar bet, doubled it after each loss and returned to the original five dollars after each winning. For awhile he prospered amazingly, playing nothing but the favorite, but in the end he went broke.

If a man with a system could bet against the United States treasury he could win. At Sheephead Bay 14 favorites lost in succession. The fifteen started at odds of three to one and was an easy winner. Now, figure out the predicament of the man with the system. Starting with five dollars and doubling after each loss he found it necessary to go into the ring and bet the sum of \$81,920. He stood then a loser of \$81,945. If he could have bet on the fifteenth favorite he would have had at issue over \$163,000. Now, anybody who knows the betting ring knows that it would be utterly impossible for a dozen Joe Vendigs to place practically \$82,000 at three to one. But—if it could have been placed the system man would have won \$246,000.

EASILY DECIDED

This Question Should Be Answered Easily By Hopkingsville People.

Which is wiser—to have confidence in the opinions of your fellow-citizens, of people you know, or depend on statements made by utter strangers made in far-away places? Read the following:

Mrs. W. C. Owen, 212 E. Fourteenth street, Hopkinsville, Ky., says: "I do not hesitate to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as being an excellent remedy for kidney complaint. I speak for them in behalf of my husband who was cured of a severe backache some two years ago when we were living at Curdsville, Ky. He had complained a good deal and some days it was all he could do to drag himself about. Stooping or lifting hurt him intensely. Finally Doan's Kidney Pills were highly recommended to him and he procured them. They soon helped him and by the time he had taken the contents of two boxes he was completely cured. I have never heard him complain of even feeling a symptom of a recurrence."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Doing up Chamois Gloves.

Chamois gloves, so popular this season, should be washed on the hands. After making a good lather, squeeze and rub as though washing the hands, and then rinse in cold water. Wipe with a soft linen cloth, but not with enough friction to wear. When dry, push into shape with the glove stretcher.

To Clean Gold and Silver Lace.

Sew the lace in a clean linen cloth, boil in a quart of soft water and a quarter pound of laundry soap. Rinse in cold water. If badly tarnished, apply spirits of wine to the parts.

One of the Important Duties of Physicians and the Well-Informed of the World

is to learn as to the relative standing and reliability of the leading manufacturers of medicinal agents, as the most eminent physicians are the most careful as to the uniform quality and perfect purity of remedies prescribed by them, and it is well known to physicians and the Well-Informed generally that the California Fig Syrup Co., by reason of its correct methods and perfect equipment and the ethical character of its product has attained to the high standing in scientific and commercial circles which is accorded to successful and reliable houses only, and, therefore, that the name of the Company has become a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy.

TRUTH AND QUALITY

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the approval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent of family laxatives, and as its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well-Informed of the world to be the best of natural laxatives, we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects always note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package, whether you simply call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—is the one laxative remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. and the same heretofore known by the name—Syrup of Figs—which has given satisfaction to millions. The genuine is for sale by all leading druggists throughout the United States in original packages of one size only, the regular price of which is fifty cents per bottle.

Every bottle is sold under the general guarantee of the Company, filed with the Secretary of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., that the remedy is not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky.

San Francisco, Cal.
U. S. A.
London, England.

New York, N. Y.

PUBLIC SALE

Having leased my farm for a number of years, I will on

TUESDAY,

October 8th,

at 10 o'clock a. m., at my farm six miles south of Hopkinsville, on the Clarksville turnpike, offer for sale to the highest and best bidder the following described property:

Twelve head of fine mules, one large bay mare, seven years old, combined and gentle enough for lady to ride and drive; one brown mare, 16 hands, 6 years old, drives well and works anywhere, and a fine brood mare; one gentle sorrel horse, old and not afraid of anything; one nice saddle and harness gelding, one fancy harness horse, six fine short-horn milk cows, a lot of fine calves, fifty head hogs, two new 8-ft. tongue truck Deering binders, one new 11-hole disc drill, one good 11-hole hoe drill, one double cutaway disc harrow, two 3-section smoothing harrows, one all-purpose harrow, one new 5-ft. McCormick mower, one iron clod roller, one manure spreader, one Black Hawk corn planter, two good cultivators, one corn drill, four two-horse wagons, one one-horse wagon, one hay rake, one good top buggy, wheat fan, scalding tub, two set fine four-horse gear, one set two-horse gear, lot of harness, saddles, etc., thirty tons extra fine clover hay, 400 barrels new corn.

Terms of Sale.

All sums under \$10, cash; all over that amount on a credit of nine months with 6 per cent. interest from date, note with approved security, or 2 per cent. discount for cash.

T. J. McREYNOLDS.

GILL MOORE, Auctioneer.